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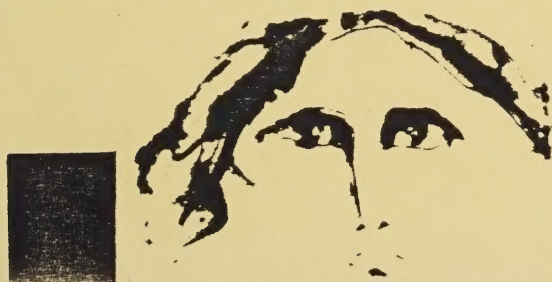
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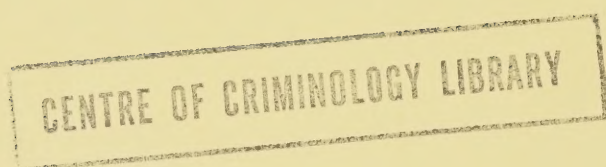
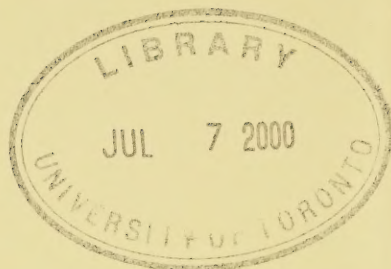
1988

One hour
with us could
add years
to your life.

Even if you've
never been here,
you'll remember it.

Angst





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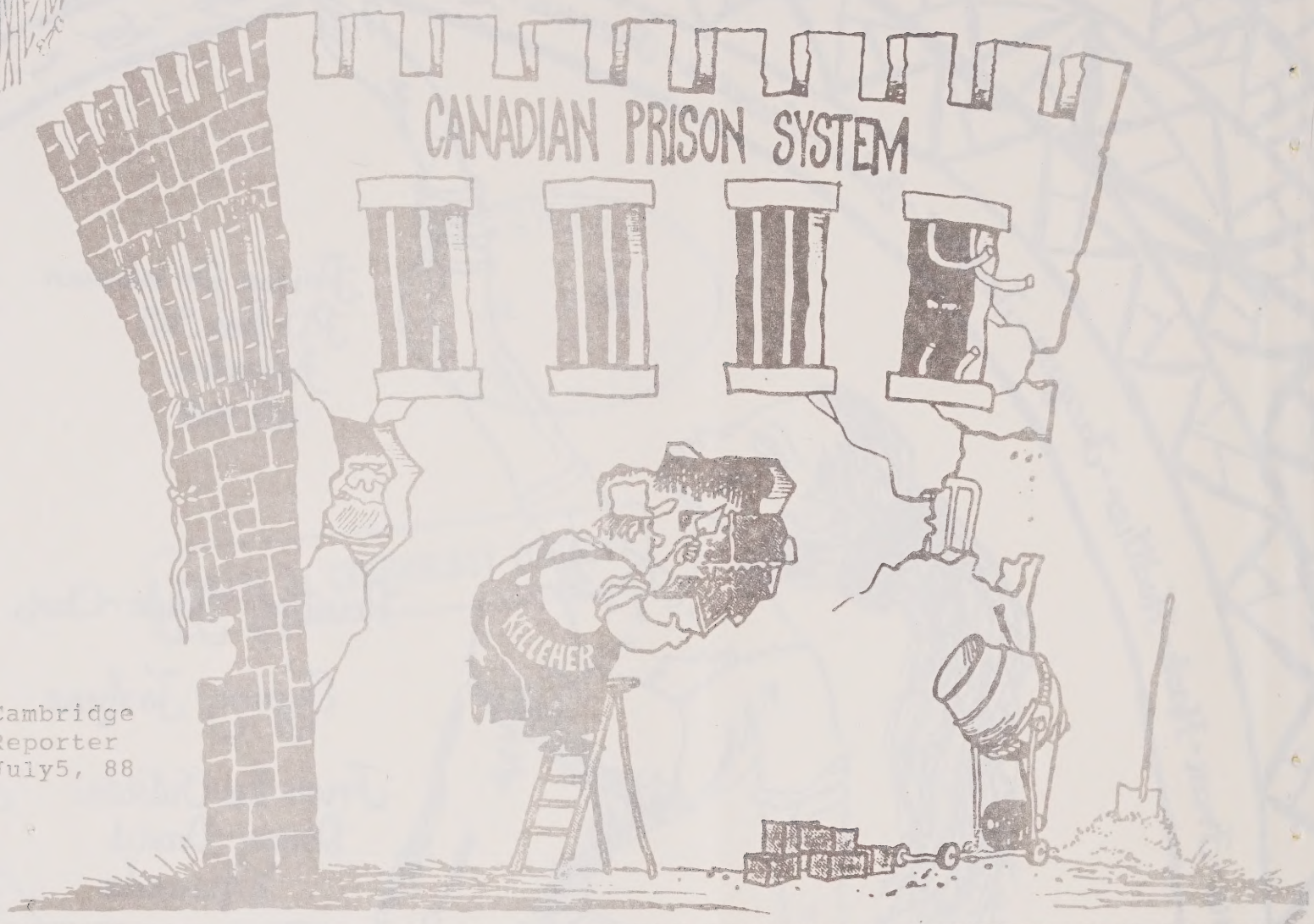
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POT-SHOTS NO. 372

IF ONLY
WE WERE HAVING
AS MUCH FUN
AS YOU PROBABLY
THINK WE ARE

Colough
Brilliant



EDITORIAL

This edition of TIGHTWIRE marks the beginning of my third year as editor. During this period, readers have commented on the evolving nature of this publication. It reflects my own passage through the painful, maze-like channels of Corrections with a deepening awareness of the tragic waste of both human resources and the coldly, calculated manner in which our Government chooses to spend millions of social dollars on entrenching oppression.

From a his-torical perspective, an ongoing wave of prison construction across Canada seems most likely but that future is not inevitable. Alternatives are possible. I am heartened and strengthened in this view by meeting an ever increasing number of individuals who have taken the time to understand the current prison process; to analyze both society's right to safeguards and the fundamental nature and cause of crimes that bring women in conflict with the law. These informed people are proceeding to search for and to recommend alternatives.

In early September an assembly of Elizabeth Fry members from across Canada met in Kingston for an Annual Convention. Part of their agenda involved a morning spent inside the Prison for Women in dialogue with the women for whom these workers were formulating policy. It was a her-storic occasion. It marked the first time that incarcerated women were asked to contribute their own views, their own opinions and their own experiences to the process of developing more substantial and effective solutions. The occasion was timely. Late summer had brought extensive newspaper coverage of views from both the Canadian Bar Association and the Daubney Commission stating that P4W should be closed. This view is not original. The same statement was made by a Royal Commission 50 years ago! It is a damaging position unless intelligent alternatives are concurrently offered.

What "outsiders" fail to realize as they review the facilities of this antiquated prison is, that despite the limited resouces offered to women at P4W, these are light years ahead of what is now in place in the provinces. Women in provincial jails have no significant work placements or job training opportunities and few educational or recreational facilities. Women at P4W have come from such places. We have the first hand experience to contrast these situations. Most outside observers do not have the experience from which reasonable comparisons and responsible conclusions can be inferred.

Hopefully, by including our experiences in their planning, the E. Fry Association will have new insight to bring their provincial development forecasting. E. Fry faces an awesome challenge. Will it remain a passive channel for the current mode of government funding; or, will this Association follow the course of its founder in social activism and demand that our Federal and Provincial Governments allocate funds for alternatives to "traditional" prisons suited to the needs of women? TIGHTWIRE salutes the energy of these women and wishes them strength and courage for the work ahead.

Jo-Ann Mayhew
Editor

Telling the Truth

What are we doing wrong? According to a 1987 poll conducted by the Canadian Criminal Justice Association, 57 per cent of Canadians are dissatisfied or very dissatisfied with the criminal justice system. Have we really failed so miserably? Are things really as bad as the newspapers say they are?

The simple answer is no. The difference between what Canadians know about the system and what is actually true is often like night and day.

A few examples:

Myth: Many of the crimes committed in Canada involve violence

Fact: Only six per cent are violent. The majority of crimes committed between 1962 and 1983 were property crimes like theft and vandalism.

Myth: Many offenders released on parole commit violent offences.

Fact: Fewer than five per cent of parolees commit a violent act within four years of their release. In fact, offenders under sentence in the community committed only one in every 1000 recorded crimes of any kind.

Myth: Canada's criminal justice system is too lenient.

Fact: Relative to crime rates, Canada's rate of incarceration is more than twice that of the United States.

Several studies conducted since 1980 have shown that these myths, and many more, are accepted as truth by large portions of the Canadian public: A 1983 analysis of the public's views on sentencing, conducted by University of Toronto criminologists Tony Doob and Julian Roberts, revealed a majority of Canadians believe that the sentences handed down by our courts are too lenient, although when presented with representative cases, they frequently recommended the same sentencing practices followed in Canada today; A 1982 Gallup poll of 2000 Canadians showed that 75 per cent of respondents overestimated rates of violent crime in Canada. That poll also showed that, depending on the crime, 55 to 83 per cent saw the courts as responding more leniently than they actually do. A 1987 Canadian Criminal Justice Association survey found that only 9 per cent of respondents could correctly identify the success rate of parole as over 61 per cent (it is actually between 70 and almost 100 per cent, depending on the type of conditional release); The 1982 Canadian Urban Victimization Survey, conducted by Solicitor General Canada, revealed that the least likely groups to be victimized — women and the elderly — were the same groups most likely to express fear of victimization.

Toute la vérité

Qu'est-ce qui ne va pas ? Selon un sondage d'opinion publique réalisé par l'Association canadienne de justice pénale, 57 % des Canadiens sont insatisfaits ou très insatisfaits du système de justice pénale. Avons-nous échoué à ce point ? La situation est-elle aussi déplorable que ne le laissent entendre les médias ?

La réponse est bien simple : c'est non. La différence entre la perception qu'ont les Canadiens du système de justice et la réalité est souvent considérable. Voici quelques exemples pour illustrer cet état de choses :

Mythe : De nombreux actes criminels perpétrés au Canada sont des crimes avec violence.

Réalité : Seulement 6 % des actes criminels perpétrés sont des crimes avec violence. La majorité de ceux qui ont été commis entre 1962 et 1983 étaient des crimes contre les biens.

Mythe : De nombreux détenus en liberté conditionnelle commettent des infractions avec violence.

Réalité : Moins de 5 % des libérés conditionnels commettent un acte criminel avec violence dans les quatre années qui suivent leur libération. En fait, les détenus qui purgent leur peine dans la collectivité ne commettent qu'un acte criminel sur les 1 000 crimes de tout type qui sont enregistrés.

Mythe : Le système de justice pénale au Canada est trop indulgent.

Réalité : Par rapport aux taux de criminalité, le taux d'incarcération est deux fois plus élevé au Canada qu'aux États-Unis.

Plusieurs études menées depuis 1980 ont démontré que ces mythes, et bien d'autres encore, correspondent à la réalité pour un grand nombre de Canadiens. D'après une analyse de l'opinion publique sur la détermination de la peine qui a été réalisée en 1983 par deux criminologues de l'université de Toronto, Tony Doob et Julian Roberts, la majorité des Canadiens croit que les peines imposées par nos tribunaux ne sont pas assez sévères. Pourtant, lorsqu'on leur expose des cas représentatifs, ils préconisent souvent les mêmes pratiques que celles en usage au Canada pour déterminer la peine. Un sondage Gallup effectué en 1982 auprès de 2 000 Canadiens révèle que 75 % des répondants ont surévalué le nombre de crimes avec violence au Canada. Toujours selon ce sondage et compte tenu de la nature du crime, de 55 à 83 % des gens croyaient que les tribunaux punissaient moins durement qu'ils ne le font en réalité. Un sondage effectué en 1987 par l'Association canadienne de justice pénale a révélé que seulement 9 % des personnes interrogées savaient que le taux de réussite des libérations conditionnelles s'élevait à plus de 61 %. Le Sondage canadien sur la victimisation en milieu urbain, qui a été mené en 1982 par

LOOKING AT PRISON PHILOSOPHY

from

A WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE

by

Jo-Ann Mayhew

Many individuals have been contributing vast amounts of time and energy to reviewing the Canadian Justice System. A basic tenet governing the direction of such a review is the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. I believe the Charter is intended to form the basis of all philosophical statements put forward by groups contributing to the structure of our social order. The Justice System is one of these groups with the Corrections Services of Canada being a branch within the Justice System. I have reviewed Working Paper #1, Correctional Philosophy, developed by the Law Reform Commission primarily in respect to Charter provisions for equality rights before and under the law without discrimination because of sex. I hope that an analysis of the statements of Purpose and Principles from a woman's perspective may shed light on a complex and troubled area of our society. However, before discussing the difficulties presented by a gender-biased philosophy, I would like to address the difficulty presented by the duality of ideology represented in the opening statement of the working paper:

"The purpose of corrections is to contribute to the maintenance of a just, peaceful and safe society."

The reason for this Correctional Review is to provide clarification of a current situation so that more consistent and equitable action can be planned for the future. The Working Paper itself states "that it is important for the goals of Corrections to be well understood." In my opinion the Statement of Purpose and Principles supplied by the Law Reform Commission does not clarify. On the contrary, it risks deeply entrenching the existing confusion in even more permanent legislation.

The Working paper outlines various trends that have been taken in Corrections. Then, by incorporating both the words "contribute and maintain" in its statement, it offers no clear guidance for future development. To follow the theme of maintenance, Corrections would follow a traditional conservative view which supports penal practices reflecting a quasi-christian "hellfire" and damnation ethic. Time served would be

viewed as paying a debt to society. The path of this deterrence through a punishment mentality must lead to ever increasing harshness in penalties. This reflects the attitudes of the last century which saw our prisons as institutions which promoted reformation through penitence achieved by hard work and austere conditions. To-day, blocks to the outrageous brutality of this style of incarceration lie in the principles of both the United Nations and our own Charter. However, considering that this Working Paper stated that "corrections cannot make effective distinctions between punitive and deterrent functions of sentence," (p.19) it appears counter-productive to have used the term "maintenance". It is open to passive interpretation. It will brutalize by omission since it implies denial of the ongoing process of each individual's human development. One of the major, current prisoner grievances has been that they are being warehoused. In most instances given a choice between the activity represented by the word "contribute" and the passiveness of the word "maintain", the true bureaucrat will chose the latter. The risks involved in implementation are far higher than those incurred by standing pat. Risktaking is not a highly regarded bureaucratic trait. To incorporate such divergent choices in a fundamental statement of Purpose and Principles is only entrenching the errors of past reforms.

The Working Paper states "It may be that the co-existence of apparently contradictory Correctional objectives is a necessary condition to achieve adequate consensus for the use of the state's coercive power." (P.6) The conflict between the conservative-punitive view and the liberal-humanistic view are not "apparently contradictory", they are indeed, conflicting, opposite and each effectively neutralizes the objectives of the other. This will not help clarify the present confusion that is the current state of Corrections Canada. Moreover, by attempting to reconcile or minimize these contradictions to reach a political consensus, the Law Reform Commission gravely endangers all citizens of this country by endorsing the excessive use and expansion of coercive power by the state into the 21st Century. I believe that by looking at the position of women within the existing Correctional System it becomes readily apparent that coercion remains as a first principle of our justice system and demonstrates a brutal tragic reluctance to review a position based on unquestioned acceptance of oppression as the right of power.

Failure to address basic issues of justice directly will only produce an increasing intensity of such oppression. Prison expansion will continue to be viewed as an economic growth industry with the cost in human suffering ignored. This is clearly demonstrable in the case of the female offender. Working Paper #1 totally fails to

address the basic rights of equality before and under the law without discrimination. The philosophy of the Law Reform Commission supports the current discrimination by presenting its theories as if these were gender neutral. The implication of these gender neutral philosophies is that they can be applied equally to either sex and therefore being gender specific is unnecessary. In point of fact the philosophy of the Working Paper #1 is very gender specific. It is almost entirely a philosophy of male experience. It has not included the female experience in its theories except in the most token manner. In doing so it has excluded women from any significant role in determining the future course of a major branch of the entire Justice System of this country. I fail to see how the principles of the Charter will be upheld when the women incarcerated within the Correctional System are made invisible by those attempting an analysis of Corrections.

For example a large portion of Working Paper #1 is given to an overview of the history of Corrections. The history presented is that of the male experience. A single reference is made to a very distant recommendation for provincial custody for women by the Archambault Commission of 1938. The Working Paper does not even attempt to follow the course of that one recommendation.

If the course of that one recommendation had been traced, it could have been noted that, in addition to Archambault, "Since 1968, no less than thirteen government studies, investigations and private sector reports have been produced which reiterate that the Prison for Women should be closed and decentralized facilities made available." (Adelberg, Currie, p. 139) The Law Reform Commission could well have noted, that although Federal Provincial Transfer Agreements were finally negotiated in the 1970's and '80's, even to-day, these are effectively only paper agreements. No adequate provincial facilities have been made available for women. It still remains impossible to exercise the principles of these documents. The standard official reason for this lack of progress has been that there are not enough female offenders to justify the expense of more prisons. There has been a total unwillingness or inability on the part of individuals within both the Federal and Correctional hierarchies to look at solutions to women's problems based on an assessment of women's needs. They hold fast to the traditional images of power, punishment and prisons. This is a masculine view of order and leaves no scope for other qualities of human nature such as healing, caring and nurturing. These, all too frequently, are viewed as solely feminine, possibly weak and hence not considered as appropriate to problem-solving in male-oriented theories. By ignoring the historical process of female

Tough parole plays on fear, society says

By ANNE KERSHAW
Whig-Standard Staff Writer

In announcing plans to toughen parole eligibility, Solicitor General James Kelleher has ignored the work of a recent federal commission on sentencing and instead embarked on a "fear-mongering campaign" designed to win an election, says a John Howard Society director.

"This is nothing short of cheap electioneering tactics. We're selling fear here," says Graham Stewart, director of reform for Ontario.

Canada would quickly see its prison population expand and correction's budget increase substantially, he said.

"Unless (prison authorities) are prepared to go into double-bunking in a substantial way, they will need at least two full 500-bed prisons, at a cost of \$70* to \$100 million to build the prisons and \$20 million a year to operate them."

In exchange, the public would see an inmate's release to the community delayed on average by about four months, Stewart says.

"All this for a net benefit of four months of protection."

Kelleher announced plans last week to abolish mandatory supervision for inmates and make them serve one half of their sentences instead of one-third before even becoming eligible for parole. He stressed that his proposals, none of which would be retroactive, are aimed at improving public safety and restoring confidence in the parole system.

However, Stewart and others interviewed by The Whig-Standard denounced the reform pack-

Kelleher is guilty of "cheap electioneering tactics" says John Howard Society director

age, saying Kelleher is exploiting public fears and misconceptions about the sentencing and parole process for political gain.

Allan Manson, a Queen's University law professor and expert in correctional law, says Kelleher is taking a "piecemeal approach" that would inevitably lead to longer sentences.

"He's attempting to fiddle with the release mechanisms simply as a response to public misconceptions and a very small number of unfortunate incidents. It is wrongheaded."

Manson is referring to a handful of highly-publicized murders during the past three years by inmates out on parole which fueled concerns of victims groups and resulted in more pressure being put on Kelleher's office to tighten up the parole system.

But Manson says the proposed changes are more likely to backfire and increase potential danger to the public given the known debilitating effects on people subject to long terms of imprisonment.

"It's antithetical to the security of the community because people will eventually be released."

Kingston Police Chief Gerald Rice also criticized the parole proposals.

"Everyone in the system is being penalized in order to delay the entry (into the community) of some people who shouldn't be

on the streets.

"There are a lot of people doing federal time who are of no real danger to the public. They seem to be throwing everyone into the same melting pot," Rice said.

Donald Stuart, a Queen's law professor and criminal law specialist, says Kelleher has acted with "political expediency" in saying more care will be taken to restrain dangerous offenders. The solicitor general neglects the fact that "there's no evidence that any expert is better than the flip of a coin in predicting dangerousness," he says.

"The whole problem of how to improve the release mechanism is extremely difficult, Stuart says. "But this is not a very serious effort and one that will probably make the management of prisons worse."

Local prison experts were particularly dismayed that Kelleher hadn't even waited for the results of the Common's justice committee, chaired by Conservative MP David Daubney. The all-party committee has spent months conducting hearings and touring prisons across the country in preparation for writing a report on the whole issue of parole and sentencing.

Kelleher's proposals "just seem to come out of left field and make an absolute farce of any consultative process with the (Daubney) committee," says Barb Hill, co-director of Kingston's John Howard Society.

Also overlooked by Kelleher are the recommendations of the federal sentencing committee, which undertook a three-year study and recommended that no

changes be made to sentencing or parole without careful consideration of how the entire system would be affected.

"It has to be taken as a package. One cannot make piecemeal changes," Hill said.

Trish Crawford, a community social worker with Kingston's Elizabeth Fry Society, says the parole proposals would have an even more severe effect on female offenders than males.

She is particularly concerned that under Kelleher's proposals inmates wouldn't even be considered for day parole until six months before they become eligible for full parole.

Female offenders incarcerated at the Prison for Women, the only federal institution for women in Canada, don't have the same chance as male inmates to move through prisons with reduced security levels before being released on the street.

"The male inmates have a chance to cascade through the system to different security levels, whereas the women offenders are coming out into the community without that process being done," she said.

"People are going to be spending more time in the institution under the same controls," she said.

Police Chief Rice said more meaningful reform of the penal system is needed.

"Rather than just warehousing people and then turning them loose, they should be looking at the programs or lack of programs they have in place to try to bring these people around.

"The system doesn't even scratch the surface as far as I see it," Rice says.

offenders the Law Reform Commission has limited its vision to perpetuating Corrections solely/exclusively in the same masculinist mode.

In a similar manner, Working Paper #1 did not include additional comments of the Archambault Commission that reported it was appalled at the inferior conditions at the new (opened in 1934) prison for women. Working Paper #1 proceeds to establish its philosophy on the basis of occurrences that saw the male domain of Corrections expand from "nine old maximum security fortresses to a modern diversified system of 33 institutions." The Prison for Women is the old fortress design! It is still in use with NO alternatives being built in all these long years. Few of the reforms or opportunities for rehabilitation that have been offered to men have been viable in this archaic environment. In light of this, the Purposes and Principles outlined in the Working Paper have their most major significance in the impossibility of their application to female offenders.

Considering the foregoing comments it is impossible to see recommendations of the New Law Reform Commission being applicable to incarcerated women as the system now exists. When put to a modest test the results of new recommendation run contrary to existing tradition.

For example statement one of the Commission's suggestions it to provide the judiciary with clear information about correctional operations and resources. When this did occur in the Santinio case last year, in Toronto, the Honorable Justice E.F. Wren refused to sentence the former office manager to the Prison for Women saying he thought the its poor condition could be construed as an unfair sentence. Wren continued saying he "was surprised no one has used the equality-rights provisions in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms to challenge the lack of "enlightened" federal penal facilities". He also contrasted the wide variety of federal prisons for men with the existence of a single prison for women..."that dreadful place." If the situation at the Prison for Women was more clearly understood by the judiciary, the entire method of sentencing women would have to be reconsidered.

With only one prison in operation it is impossible to offer and limit the degree of custody necessary to contain the risk. Although prisoners within the Kingston, Prison for Women are labelled in various security categories, approximately 25% minimum, 60% medium and 15% maximum, the rules and regulations governing daily lives are determined by the highest maximum security requirements. As noted in the Working



Saddest Love...

*When I go to sleep
and dream of you
holding me in your arms,
I wish I could sleep forever
comforted by your charms.*

*I never thought you would leave me
but your love was so untrue.
You told me we would always be
loving me, loving you.*

*Setting free our love that showed
was the saddest love
I've come to know;
the Love I spent with you*

Barb

September '88

Paper "the tension of prison life is debilitating for many inmates- not only the tension of keeper and kept, but the tension of the inmate culture. A certain proportion of the prison population has a propensity for violence...having to spend day after day in the close company of such individuals often causes a great deal of stress for those inmates, perhaps a majority, who want nothing more than to serve their sentences without incident." (WP, p.16) This is a double-edged problem at the Prison for Women. With its fortress design, there is an overabundance of security needed by very few. It is the majority who need a far less restrictive environment. Lifers and women serving long sentence terms are continually beset with repercussions resulting from the actions of a very few, frequently new-comers. This remains an ongoing, constantly renewed situation.

The factors resulting from the security imposed on a "multi-security" level prison severely handicap programs and training that are suggested in other statements in the Commission's Reforms. The programming that does now exist is marginal and limited in range or advancement. It is reflective of the lowest socio-economic expectations towards women in the over-all employment market. Frequently prisoners are criticized for poor performance without it being noted that cleaning pots or floors, contributing to general maintenance of a prison or up-grading primary education are not fulfilling occupations for many adults. The level of prison employment and training does nothing but increase the problems facing incarcerated women which often stem from a low self image, dependency habits and an over-all sense of powerlessness. This may be no oversight. The passiveness and submissiveness which deaden female existence are the qualities of a "good prisoner". Why offer women more?

Meanwhile it is estimated that up 80% of the women at this prison have significant problems with substance abuse funding for in-depth programming in this area has been withheld--to date. Nor is consideration given to the fact that in addition to their criminal labels, over two thirds of the incarcerated women have previously been victims of violence themselves. Their "uncriminal" lives contain numerous incidents of rape, incest and battering. Being sentenced to a long period in a highly brutal atmosphere created by cages, makes it impossible to heal the personal psychic fracturing of crucial past experience. The violence in their lives is compounded. In prison, the relationship between authority (power) and force (violence) must be accepted, unconditionally, as right.

Other statements of the Working Paper have sad elements of black irony. The safety

and health of women in this prison are not matters of priority. Security comes first. The Range women are still encaged and locked in a manner that would likely result in most dying in the event of fire. It is a topic difficult to address. The prison was built at a time when prisoners were not allowed personal effects, hobby crafts or reading material beyond a bible in their cells. To-day these items are allowed as modifications to the former austerity. However the structure of the prison remains the same. Prisoners living in the Privileged Wing areas (converted army barracks) are likewise surrounded with quantities of combustible material. Their windows are barred, fire exits not easily accessible and the risk of being trapped in smoke filled corridors is high. I am not an expert but the threat and terror of a fire is one that haunts me. I do not feel safe.

To me, women and their health is not a philosophical question. I am too close to the situation to be objective. For me the prison experience equates to a battle-field with the blood of women being too much in evidence. I have been told that slashing is not a medical or psychiatric problem. If this expert opinion given to me is correct, then in my own judgement, the act in which women slash their own bodies, arms and throats is most similar to animals being caught in the metal jaws of a hunter's trap and chewing off a limb to be free. Our language has a name for the agonising pain of unrelenting oppression, we call it torture. But today our Canadian society does not choose to see prison experience in this light. In the first six months of 1988, there were twenty separate incidents of women slashing their own bodies. There have been increasing demands from the prison population to expand resources to deal with suicide, slashing, victims of rape and incest as well as for programs in anger management. The same population is attempting to have this prison's Administration address and promote basic good health practices by ensuring adequate yard time and by offering supplements to standard institutional food by with items such as whole grain bread and brown rice. Just to be assured of mental and physical health care according to female needs rather than standards set for the male population would be helpful.

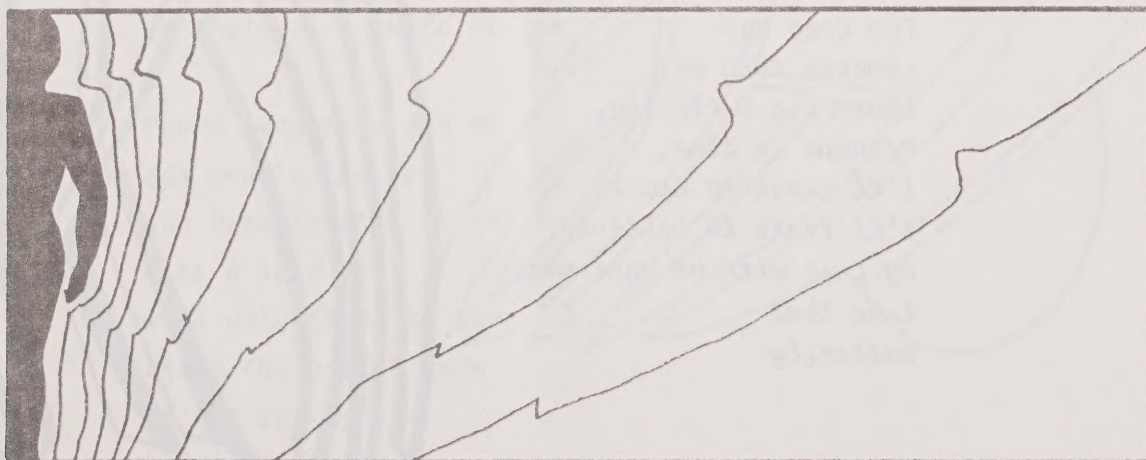
All people imprisoned face great hardship with deprivation of liberty and the "myriad of opportunities that a free society provides for development, enrichment, diversion and profit." (WP, p.16) However, far and beyond this common pain is that suffered by women who are also mothers. The extreme distance involved by being incarcerated in Kingston makes it difficult and frequently impossible for these significant bonds to be not merely maintained but nurtured over the time a sentence is being served. It

is common to find that these women were single parents and that the children are left feeling abandoned. Then follows the trail of Children's Aid, foster homes, and, in some cases, outright adoption. Corrections has given fractional attention to this problem that is a core issue and the heart of meaningful female experience.

Within the unpredictable fluid disciplinary code of this institution, women can be penalized for trivial offenses by the loss of family visiting rights. The fact that visiting is done over very considerable distance with much pre-arranging of time and resources makes this practice unduly harsh. There is no proportion between the action and the weight of the penalty incurred. Existing procedures for grievances are cumbersome and unlikely to be of much use in such situations.

Rather than obstruct or frustrate family ties, it would be in the best interests of the basic Purposes set forth in this Working Paper to encourage these relationships. In recent comments entitled Toward an Understanding of Recidivism, Dr. David Holden states that leaving an institutionalized setting and returning to free society is problematic. "A particularly difficult thing to overcome in a sense of helplessness, especially from those who have never had the opportunity of finding themselves, or of making decisions for themselves. Women inmates appear to have this problem to a far greater extent than men do, he writes "To overcome these difficulties support is needed. This will be provided by maintaining ties with persons that supply us with a positive sense of our own worth, our families, friends and communities".

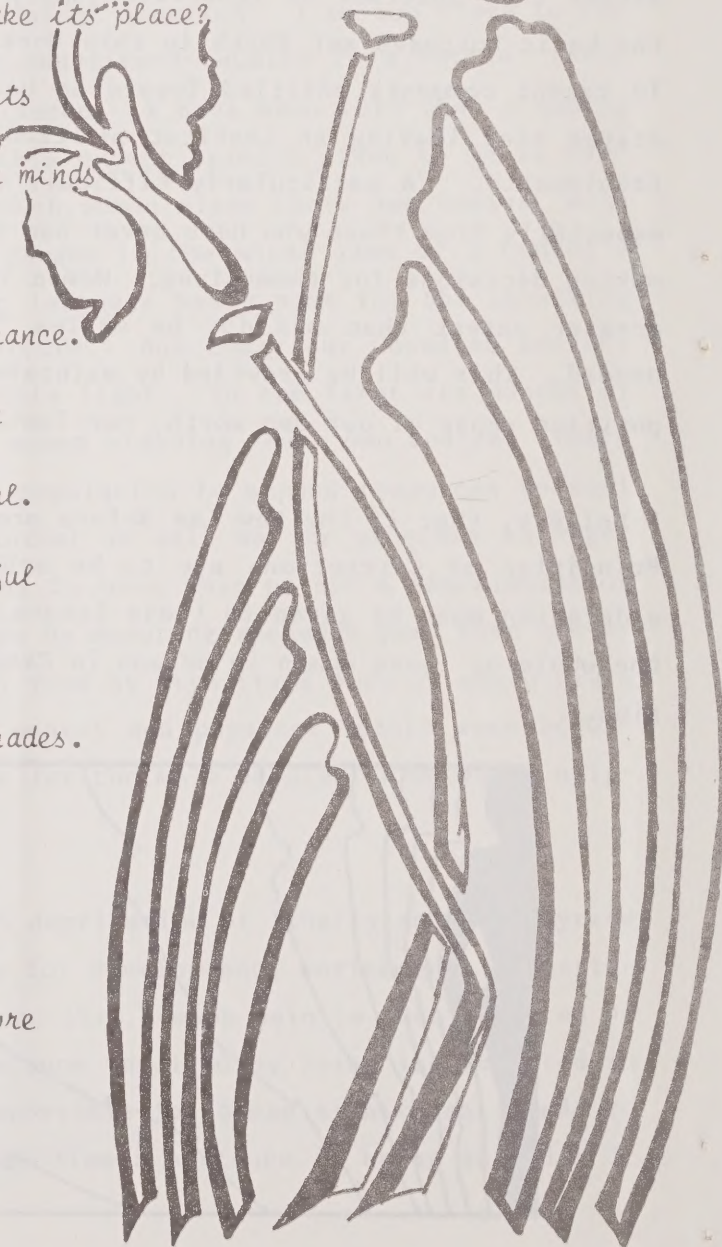
I believe, that if the New Law Reform proposed by the Commission on the Purpose and Principles of Corrections are to be achieved in an equitable manner, serious consideration must be given to these issues. They must be included in any analysis of the whole or leave women in prison in Canada open to on-going and blatant discrimination.



BUTTERFLIES - Julie Tae



Long ago
someone told me
Love is like a butterfly
so beautiful in its uniqueness
its colours and its brilliance
but no one told me
the dark side of love
is like a moth
mostly grey yet sometimes black
but always burnt
by a flickering flame
why did the butterfly sail away?
and why did the moth take its place?
the secret
is deep inside our hearts
for truth is the seed
that was planted in our minds
so long ago
like a fetus
it needs nurishments;
warmth, care and nurturance.
Most of all
it needs time and space
to grow
into something beautiful.
Maybe my life ...
would have been beautiful
but seasons changed
and so did my life
now its full of moths
moths of the darkest shades.
Too long ago
someone told me
Love is a butterfly.
Perhaps in time,
I'll learn to trust
I'll learn to believe
my life will be once more
like that
butterfly



LONELY CHILD - Julie Tae

In the twilight ...
alone upon a desert moon
a criptalline light ...
beckons me too soon
could I handle the seasons
with each step I take
could I see the reasons?
there's so much at stake.

Give me a chance ...
You'll watch me grow
emotions within me; you'll never know
for I'm like you ...
equally normal and carefree
like a white winged dove
dancing among the trees

You might believe I'm just a freak
an attraction for a side show
but if you look closer ...
a tear in my eyes will glow
love is what I offer
like a pure radiant sun
like the mystery of petals unfolding
or smile of a child at fun

Don't feel pity for me
for what's inside
far beneath this exterior
lies a seed ...
with only love and some T.L.C.
after the bitter snow
in the spring ...
becomes a rose

MISPLACED MISGIVINGS

Today, August 10, 1988 is Prison Justice Day in Canada. It is a day when most prisoners pay memory to those who have died in Canadian prisons. On July 13, 1988 a memo from CSC Regional Headquarters, Ontario region notified area wardens of an SMC decision to eliminate the practice of issuing performance notices on this day. One would think that all prisoners would then participate as they had nothing to lose but a day's pay (\$1.60 - \$7.00) and a day's food!!

There is one essential service. Canteen restocking takes place every 2nd Wednesday before the payday on Thursday. This month it fell on this day. Of course if the canteen workers don't work, there would be no supplies for the population for the next two weeks. THIS IS an essential service.

Nothing else qualifies. Prison kitchen workers have no excuse for not respecting this day. If someone requires food, such as those in hospital or segregation, there are stewards who are paid a good salary to provide it. Those who have life-threatening reasons such as diabetes must eat food, but all others who eat on this day should feel shameful indeed.

They don't appear to. Are these the true sociopaths of the world? Those who have no conscience, whatsoever? They may give reasons for not respecting this day by saying the parole board will hold it against them or their parole officers will not recommend them for release, yet NOT having a conscience is a definite step towards sociopathic labelling. In addition by justifying lack of respect by saying they are not part of the prisoners' society, is adding another reason why they shouldn't be released without severe restrictions for surely they are not taking responsibility for the crime that brought them to prison.





In the past 2 years many of these people came to me when I was Chairperson of the Prisoner's Committee. They bitched about some perceived injustice done to them at the hands of the system. Today they refuse to pay their dues, but easily decry others or whine the loudest when they feel ill-treated. I fear they have become just very successful products of the system -- good prisoners/poor citizens of the world.

All in all, I find myself in pretty good company. Some prisoners may label others by their crime, yet most of these labelled prisoners did not work and did not eat for this day. They honour those who have died in prisons across Canada over the near 150 year timespan and those who will die here and all over the world, most particularly in South Africa-- all from the effects of imprisonment.

The obvious and easy labelling to enable one to despise or hate another seems slightly misplaced. There are obviously more reasons to deny friendship to one who will not stand beside you when they have nothing to lose than to deny friendship to one who has acted in a human manner, who has made a mistake, but who clearly has a conscience. This should earn some opening of the narrow channels of judgement imposed on them.

I don't hate those who did not participate. I do pity you, but moreso I am thankful you are not my sister, my mother, my daughter, or my partner for when I leave here I don't want you for my neighbour. Many of you are too young to understand the ramifications of the saying, "I sure wouldn't want to be in a foxhole with him(her)!!## "

Gayle K. Horii,
Prison for Women,
Kingston, Ontario.



P. O. Box 283
Station L
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3H 0Z5

FOR MORE ISSUE INFORMATION

CANADA'S ABORIGINALS

ALL PEOPLE SHOULD STAND ON ALL ISSUES TOGETHER. THOSE CONCERNED ABOUT SOCIAL JUSTICE MUST BE STRONG AND WORK TOGETHER.

ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS INJUSTICES IN THIS COUNTRY IS CANADA'S TREATMENT OF HER NATIVE INUIT AND NATIVE PEOPLE IN GENERAL. WE SHOULD ALL HELP HERE AND THE BEST PLAN TO DO SO MUST INCLUDE MAKING PEOPLE AWARE JUST HOW SERIOUS A PROBLEM THIS IS.

TRUTH IS NOT SOMETHING THAT SHOULD SIT. TRUTH SETS OUT AND DESTROYS ERROR. TRUTH IN LIFE CAN ONLY BE SHARED WHEN PEOPLE CAN MOVE AWAY FROM APPETITES THAT TAKE AWAY FROM TRADITIONAL WAYS.

ONE LARGE BODY OF PEOPLE, AN ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP STRETCHING RIGHT ACROSS THE COUNTRY LEARNING ABOUT SOCIAL JUSTICE ISSUES AND HELPING OTHERS, WOULD SEE EVERYONE WORKING TOGETHER. THERE WOULD BE JUST ONE DIRECTION. IT WOULD BE TO HELP ALL PEOPLE EXPERIENCING AN INJUSTICE. THE GROUP WOULD LEARN ABOUT EVERYONE SUFFERING FROM THIS AND ABOUT THOSE PEOPLE THAT FAIL THEM. ALL THOSE WHO FAIL PEOPLE, FALL SHORT IN THE RESPONSIBILITY PEOPLE GIVE THEM. THEY ARE NOT PART OF THE SOLUTION, THEY ARE PART OF THE PROBLEM.

THE WAY IS HARMONY. THIS FREEDOM IS NEEDED BADLY. YET IT, ALONG WITH SELF-RELIANCE IS A THREAT TO THE ESTABLISHED WAY. THOSE WHO HAVE SOMETHING TO GAIN BY NOT SHARING, WATCH CULTURES DIE. NATIVE LANGUAGES AND WAYS OF JUST GETTING BY BECOME DAMAGED OR DESTROYED. IN CANADA, ABORIGINALS BEAR THE BRUNT OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE DOMINANT SOCIETY.

NATIVE SELF-GOVERNMENT WILL TURN THIS AROUND AND GET PEOPLE AWAY FROM THE EXISTING ORDER. THIS IS A PRIORITY. THE REASONS CAN BE FOUND IN THE VALUES OF LIFE THAT MOST HOLD TO TODAY. AFTER SELF-GOVERNMENT, SELF RELIANCE WILL STAND OUT THE RIGHT WAY FROM THE WRONG WAYS. IT WILL SET AN EXAMPLE ONCE AGAIN LIKE LONG AGO. THE WAY IS HARMONY. THIS WAY MUST BE SHARED. WE MUST ALL WORK TOGETHER TO STAND FOR THIS FREEDOM.



THE QUIZZ

True or False (Fill in the blanks)

T F

Twice as many aboriginal households are headed by single parents, compared to the national rate. _____

In the work force, aboriginal women are in the service sector, where they are less likely to secure even clerical posts than other Canadian women. _____

Under 50% of Indian homes have sewer and water -- 90% of Canadian homes are serviced. _____

About 50% of Indian families live in crowded conditions. _____

Substance abuse among Native youth is about three times the non-Native. _____

About 20% of Indian youth finish high school - the national rate is 75%. _____

The Indian juvenile delinquency rate is three times the national... _____

Youth suicides occur among Indian youth at a rate of about 120 per 100,000 compared to the national rate of 18. _____

Accidents, poisonings and violence are the cause for over 1/3 of Indian deaths. _____

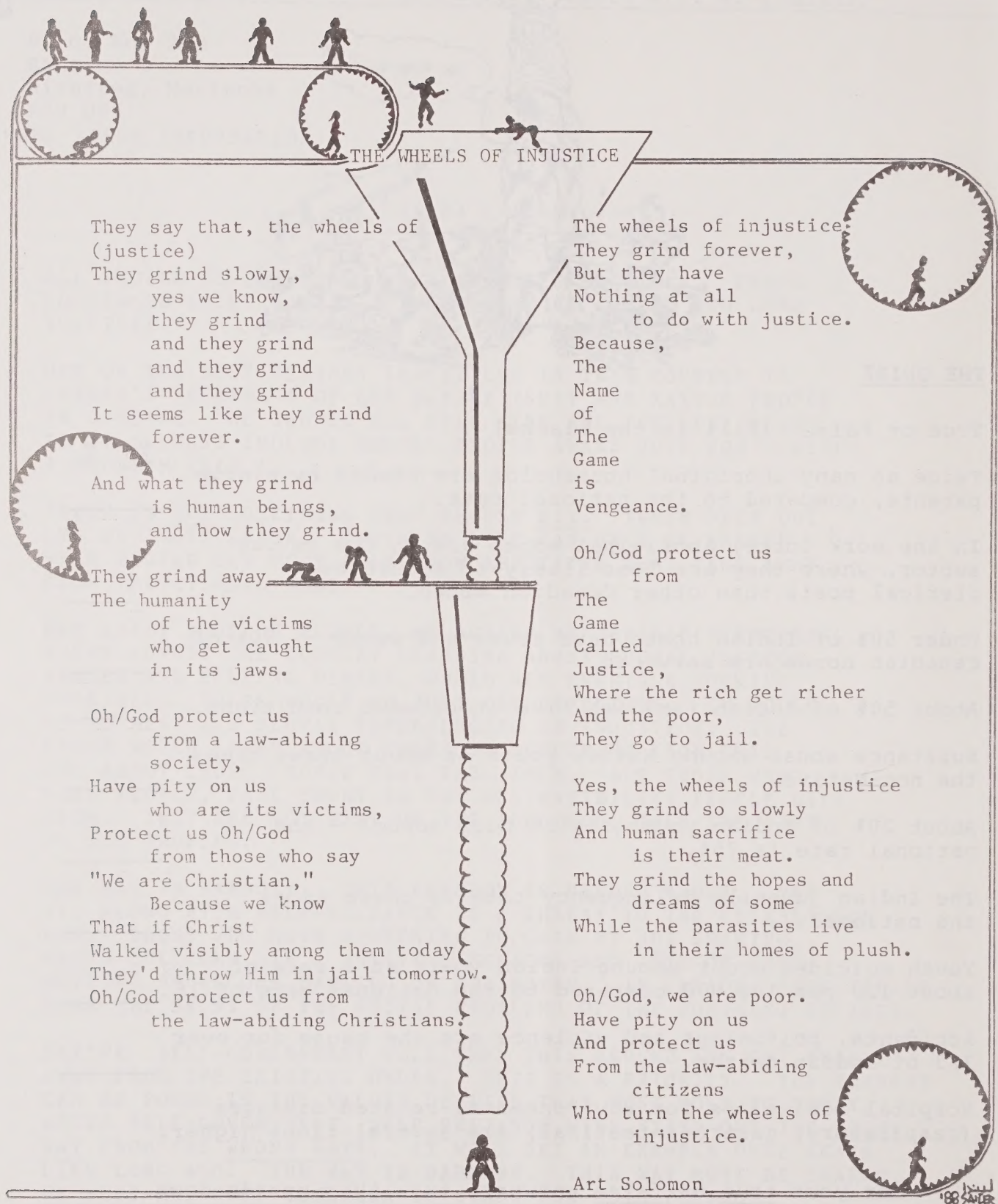
Hospital admissions for environmental-related diseases (respiratory, gastro-intestinal) are several times higher. _____

For your true or false answers, turn this upside down.

((They are all true))

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I WILL BE UNAFRAID. ESPECIALLY I WILL NOT BE AFRAID TO ENJOY WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL AND TO BELIEVE THAT, AS I GIVE TO THE WORLD SO WILL THE WORLD GIVE TO ME.



CONDEMNED BODY

BY

FRAN SUGAR

It is a privilege to have the opportunity to welcome you to my nightmare. This morning when I woke up I remembered my first months at this "house of terror." That was almost seven years ago. Perhaps I am not so "different" from you. Our concerns may vary: would we be able to do it? Everyone said it was a breeze. Did we look alright? Our clothes? Our hair? Our bodies? Our general way of being? Would we make friends? Would we have someone to talk to, to share with, to cry with? Would we remember what love is? What, is anything, will we do with our future? Will we get out of here alive? Are we really dead? Or are we about to die?

In some crucial respects you are coming to a very different world. And this latest rendition is the most warped and far-reaching yet seen on this planet. It engages many women of all classes, races, nationalities, and ages. Furthermore, the nightmare encompasses more issues than ever before---issues that range from a woman's place in the socio-economic-political structure, to her role in social and cultural life, to her most intimate roles as mother and daughter in her community. This nightmare you have entered into will rock the very foundation of your life.

Those who enter this house of terror have been condemned, taken, and conveyed to a bullet-proof, steel-bolted door, iron cage, wearing nothing but an evil grim stamp on their file: Dispose of Identity 318677-B.

Every day of this nightmare will begin at seven in the morning in both summer and winter. Your condemned body is no longer yours. It will slave seven hours a day throughout the entire burdened hallucination, all year into the spectrum of time. By 7:⁵⁵ in the morning you must have your hands and face washed, your teeth keenly brushed, dressed, and have your stalls appearing in order. By 8 a.m. you join the designated work gangs. At exactly 11 a.m. a thundering voice will interrupt your silence and order you to your cage. You will then assemble in divisions to the meager morsels of bread crumbs and water. At 12:³⁰ p.m. you will form into ranks and return to your chain gangs. At 4 p.m. another demonic voice will instruct you to plod to your cage. At 5 p.m., you can feed the damned shell that houses your mind and spirit. You will be secured in an aviary mansion of steel bars and concrete

slabs which will be your only sanctuary. If your behaviour is par excellence, the executioner will inject paraldehyde hypnotic sedatives that will freeze your thoughts in the magnificent theatre of death.

Although this nightmare sentences your condemned body to this death warrant, your mind and spirit are free to wonder the halls of insanity.

You must always remember the adversary beast who will attempt to snatch your mind and spirit in the ceremony of bureaucratic issues. If the executioner triumphs, it will manage to sever your senses and wave it to the public, who will greatly applaud the ruthless celebration of your destitute spirit.

There will be an element of challenge and rebellion; the power lodged in your mind will manifest dreams of glory and freedom. Daily rituals and remembered passages will remind you of doctrines of love and justice. If you master this nightmare and your power does not fall prey, you will denounce the violence that surrounds you. The long survival of this nightmare will reveal the truth in articulate written and oral documents exposing the secrets of the beast.

I am soon to awaken from this nightmare. An enlightenment is taking place. The atrocity of this experience allows my mind and spirit to condemn the death warrant I was sentenced too. I realized during my execution that the main characters were the people, the same people that could be aroused by these feelings of terror in this house. And you, My Friend, who is welcomed to this nightmare, must remember to mock the beast, turn the shame around; find courage like the tears of fear and appeal to any man who has witnessed your execution. Although you may enter this nightmare like a poor wretch imagining your approaching fate, allow your cries to break the silence and repression you will have lived through.

My smile meets your smile
on top of our secret land
My hand meets your hand
as we walk towards our secret land
Your walk and my walk
are the secret walks of our beautiful land
Your eyes and my eyes
will soon meet the great eagle eyes in time
Your voice and my voice
are the sounds of the great eagle's voice
that flies above our beautiful land
Your ways touch my ways
to the legend of Indian life
To the mystery of Indian life
that once was
My mind meets your mind
in spirit in love in happiness
and in wonder

Brenda Acoose



WORDS TO A GRANDCHILD

- Chief Dan George -

Perhaps there will be a day
you will want to sit by my side
asking for counsel
I hope I will be there
but you see
I am growing old.
There is no promise
that life will
live up to our hopes
especially to the hopes of the aged.
So I write of what I know
and someday our hearts
will meet in these words,
- if you let it happen.

In the midst of a land
without silence
you have to make a place for yourself.
Those who have worn out
their shoes many times
know where to step
it is not their shoes
you can wear
only their footsteps
you may follow
- if you let it happen.

You come from a shy race.
Ours are the silent ways.
We have always done all things
in a gentle manner,
so much as the brook
that avoids the solid rock
in its search for the sea
and meets the deer in passing.



and brings the change of seasons.
When you have come to know
some of nature's wise ways
beware of your complacency
for you cannot be wiser than nature.
You can only be as wise
as any man will ever hope to be,
- if you let it happen.

Our ways are good
but only in our world
if you like the flame
on the white man's wick
learn of his ways,
yet when you enter his world,
you will walk like a stranger
so you can bear his company.
For some time
bewilderment will,
like an ugly spirit
torment you.

Then rest on the holy earth
and wait for the good spirit.
He will return with new ways
as his gift to you,
- if you let it happen.

Use the heritage of silence
to observe others.
If greed has replaced the goodness
in a man's eyes
see yourself in him
so you will learn to understand
and preserve yourself.
Do not despise the weak,
it is compassion
that will make you strong.
Does not the rice



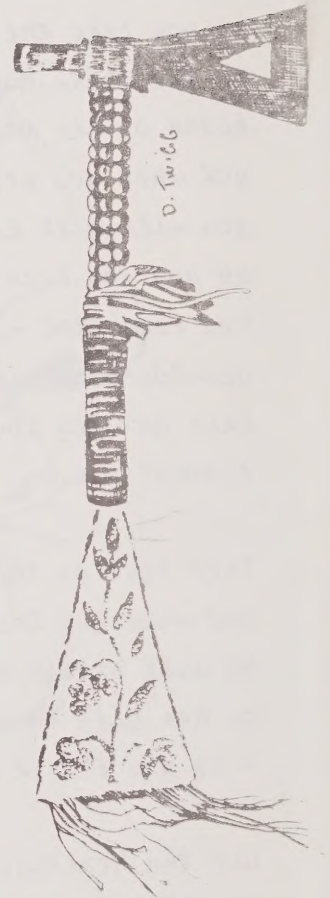


You too must follow the path
of your own race.
It is steady and deep,
reliable and lasting.
It is you,
- if you let it happen.

You are a person of little,
but it is better to have little
of what is good,
than to possess much
of what is not good.
This your heart will know,
- if you let it happen.

Heed the days
when the rain flows freely,
in their greyness
lies the seed of much thought.
The sky hangs low
and paints new colors
on the earth.
After the rain
the grass will shed its moisture,
the fog will lift from the trees,
a new light will brighten the sky
and play in the drops
that hang on all things.
Your heart will beat out
a new gladness,
- if you let it happen.

Each day brings an hour of magic.
Listen to it!
Things will whisper their secrets.
You will know
what fills the herbs with goodness,
makes days change into nights,
turns the stars



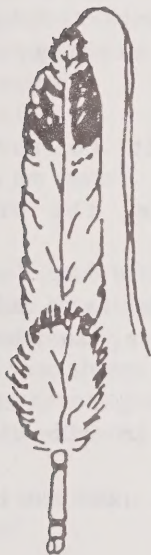
drop into your basket
whilst your breath
carries away the chaff?
There is good in everything
- if you let it happen.

When the storms close in
and the eyes cannot find the horizon
you may lose much.

Stay with your love for life
for it is the very blood
running through your veins.

As you pass through the years
you will find much calmness
in your heart.

It is the gift of age,
and the colors of the fall
will be deep and rich,
- if you let it happen.



These words have gave me
More strength within myself and
I shower them upon you my
Brother's and Sister's

In Sister-Hood
Love And Respect
Tamara Papin



WOMEN OF FREEDOM

When a mother embraces her new-born child, she embraces the world,
suffrage, hands, faces.....

Through continents and oceans, vastly spread on the planet. Women cry, rejoice,
and suffer..... pain, agonize for their sons and daughters whom they once beheld
close to their bosoms, all children innocent to life.

Boys grow into men with power capable of destroying or bettering the world.
Boys and men hurting their mothers, sisters, wives, daughters, neighbors.....

Like all nature, woman evolved from a seed, naked and pure, free from scars,
physically and mentally, with age shifting size, smell, and gaze.

Ruthlessly women cross little and big bridges, small and major battles, learning,
ignoring, scared but wiser, and forced to subdue to the wants of man.

In a crowd, the faces are blank, the individual is unnoticed.....
in a prison the individual is labelled, eyed and tried.

The good and the bad need love from mankind to balance the hatred among all the
creatures of the earth.

Freedom means many things, the feathered creatures know the true meaning, for
they explore the sky beyond..... every moment of every day.

Excessive money wasted on institutions, yet homeless sisters left to ravage
sewers and garbage cans.

Days and nights ceasing pain and abuse with cheap wine, cheap sex, the brain
listless, uncaring for the next day or the next year.....

Horror stories played and re-played live amongst our now, today not in a movie
screen. Fright lurking and lingering hourly in the streets, in alleys, in homes,
in the places, any place.

Our brothers and sister of third world countries wish for freedom in a bowl of
nourishment..... dying by the hundreds within every minute.

More brothers and sisters dying and being shot daily in a land they used to call
home.

These are facts, tears and pity useless in a battle for survival, love lost in
the progress of modern technology.

Unbalanced world, where some plush in riches and others rot in stench. Freedom
wasted upon some, freedom denied to hearts that cry and bleed in bondage.

The old, the young, the unconceived ones and all women who soothe, who chore, who
cry, who kill, who love.....

The mothers of creation bearing the hurts of their children in every part of the
world, hope in desperate fashions to calm the minds that govern.....

Doriana
April/88

A Woman's Hands

I sit in a pew
Waiting.
The Human
Becomes Divine.
The bread...
Perhaps kneaded by a woman's hands.
The wine...
Perhaps women worked in the vinery.

But when the Human
becomes Divine
a woman's hands are taboo!
"You shall not touch
the Divine!"

The Divine became human,
Penetrated a woman's womb.
(Patriarchy had no place!)
Like soft petals enfolding
a crystal dewdrop,
The seed nestled
in a female form.

"You shall not touch
the Divine!"

The mother's hands held the child.
They soothed, they comforted,
they created security.
The hands were always there
as surely as the setting sun
reveals itself with every dawn.

"You shall not touch
the Divine!"

The battered body
taken off the cross...
Women's hands gently
perform burial rites.
The crimson blood
must surely stain those hands.
Women's hands -
caring hands.

"You shall not touch
the Divine!"

I sit in a pew.
Waiting.

Ranjini Rebera

*Reprinted with permission from the December 1986 issue
of In God's Image.*



CHOOSING THE POSITIVE

Many of us women at the Prison for Women are beginning to look at alternative, chemical-free life styles, FREE of harmful drug dependencies....different programs fit different individual needs...

FIND ONE THAT FITS YOUR PERSONAL GOALS

(N E W S) NEW WOMEN IN SOBRIETY

A. A.

1. I had an addiction that use to control me.
2. I will ask for help when I need it.
3. I can't change the past but I can learn from it.
4. I will regain my physical strength with healthy food and exercise habits.
5. I will strengthen my emotional and mental health by reaching out to the people and resources available.
6. I will identify and develop my own sexuality.
7. I will develop my own spirituality and respect that of my sisters.
8. I will develop my creativity.
9. I will learn to deal with persons and situations realistically.
10. I am responsible for myself.
11. Supporting my sisters in their recovery is a continuing part of my own.

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol that our lives has become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God "as we understood Him."
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly ask Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made Direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God, "as we understood Him", praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry his message to alcoholics and to practice these principles in all our affairs.



"These pills that grow feathers are working just fine!"
So she nibbled *another* one off of the vine!

Why follow the pack?

Break away from the ordinary...inside.

This program follows the pattern established by Father Paul Charbonneau at Brentwood in Windsor, Ontario. Its goal is to assist the addict break through walls of isolation and form bonds of mutual sharing, caring and trust. Presently, the membership at P4W meets once weekly, however, there is a strong expectation of expanding the frequency of the meetings.

Brentwood



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

CONTACT: Staff Liason

ALLISON TURCOTTE
or talk with a

BRENTWOOD Member

LOVE PUTS THE MUSIC
IN LAUGHTER

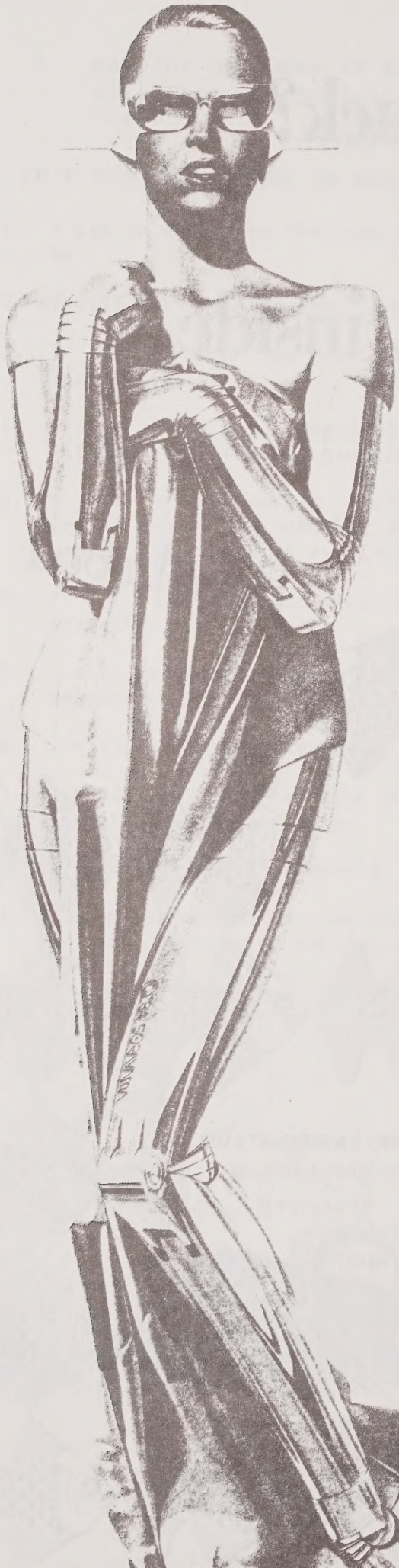
Love puts the music in laughter
the beauty in song
the warmth in a shoulder,
the gentle in strong.
Love puts the magic in memories,
the sunshine in skies,
the gladness in giving,
the starlight in eyes.
Love puts fun in together,
the sad in a part,
the hope in tomorrow,
the joy in a heart.

We are the music - makers ...
We are the dreamers of dreams.

Suseela Govindasamy



A world that's set apart ...
is love.
The sunshine of the heart ...
is love.
The sound of bells and laughter,
A happy-ever-after
A magic dream-come-true
for two ...
is love.



A Letter From A-Broad

by Amanda J. Airov

Dear Champagne Charlie (you old dog!),

How the hell are ya? How's Vegas? Are you at the Lido yet? Be sure to let me know if they need any short girls. What are they called, "Pony Dancers"? I'll learn to tap-dance on the plane on the way down!

This week I'm in Piston: the morgue of Ontario. Seriously, its only Wednesday and I'm ready to die! The stage is o.k. (except for a pole in the middle), twelve hour shifts, G-strings off, so-so sound system, and the D.J. likes guys. There's four other girls this week - nobody you know.

The audience has been mainly pinheads and mutts, so I'm up here writing to you instead of drinking draft with the old pensioners...

The rooms are actually pretty nice at least. There's no roaches, and the doors actually lock! No fist holes in the wall, and no shared bathrooms! (I must be coming up in the world!)

They had a wet-T-shirt contest last night that all the girls had to participate in. What a supreme drag! This one really took the cake; you would have died!

We had to go up one-by-one onto the stage, and the D.J. had to auction each of us off to the highest bidder!! No joke! Then that slob got to come up and soak the girl with a huge sponge dunked in a bucket of icewater. I haven't had so much fun since I had my I.U.D. put in.

You know how much I despise these contests; well by the time I got up there I wished I'd had a machine-gun, and it obviously showed. Never mind how much they got for me, the wiseguy who came up put the sponge in his teeth!

"Wrong!" I said. "Put it back in your hand and get it over with." I guess he wasted his money, because he just dabbed at me a couple of time, and sort of slunked off the stage. Everybody booed. I guess I'll never make it to Barnum & Baileys...(smile).

Gotta go get ready for my set. Back later-

Surrounding everything, like a frame surrounds a picture, is the feeling of loneliness. Of eating alone, drinking and smoking alone, of living out of the same suitcase in a different hotel room every week. Sometimes it seems like the guys who offer to buy you a drink are the twin brothers of the guys from the hotel the week before!

Always you sleep alone, whether or not someone is in bed with you. You know. Usually you were a little drunk, and it was late and dark, and the act is over quickly, and they usually leave very early (if they even

stay the night), and they usually don't show up again for the rest of the week.

Hotel rooms with only the bluish light of the T.V., soundless, flickering against the heavy furniture. Maybe the faint sound of traffic from outside, or rock n' roll from the bar. Are you homesick yet?

There was this guy that I saw in a bar near Toronto a couple of weeks ago. He had long, blond hair in a braid, a red baseball cap, and was sitting at a table with some friends. He didn't speak much, I noticed during my set. The other dancer, who had been sitting at that table, invited me to sit down. Up close, I could see he wasn't young. Not nearly old, but he had alot of troubled lines in his face, and his skin had the look of someone who is often in the sun. He told me that he'd come back and see me after I was through for the night.

I sort of half-looked for him during my last set, but I wasn't surprised when he didn't show up. Some people don't know any graceful exit lines...

I was already in bed when someone knocked on the door. Thinking it was the other dancer, I said "Come in." It was him.

"I told you I would come and see you after the show" he said. He sat on the edge of the bed and we talked for a little while. He would not talk about anything having to do with himself, although, when I asked him why he never seemed to laugh or smile, he briefly opened up to show me a mouthful of pretty bad-looking teeth. I was getting tired and I wanted to go to sleep. He took off his boots and cap, and lay beside me on the bed. He did not like to kiss me on the mouth. "Why not?" I asked.

"My teeth". He held me tightly and breathed deeply into my neck, almost sighing.

We stayed that way all night, only moving to cover us with his leather jacket, as he refused each time I asked him, to get between the sheets. I felt several long and ugly scars on his stomach. I didn't ask. We lay half-sleeping all night, him breathing in the smells from my head and neck; locked together like two children in a shipwreck. I didn't see him for the rest of the week, but Sunday morning as I was getting ready to leave, he knocked on my door, kissed me on the mouth, then left. Everyone lives with their own secret loneliness. I know what you're thinking: She sure knows how to pick 'em! Well, of course you're right...

So, all in all, there's not much new up here. More of the girls are doing leather shows and Black Widow stuff. And they seem to be getting younger all the time. Also, this table-dancing shit is becoming alarmingly popular. Alot of the girls are afraid it will take over the stage shows

because the table dancers work so cheap, and they serve drinks. I can see it happening already. The bar owners are happy because the customers pay the girls' wages, the girls are happy because they don't need nice costumes or tapes (they work strictly off the juke-box) and are too young to know any better, and the customers are happy because there's twice as much flesh, twice as close to them. I mean, they've already got five dancers a day with porno-flicks in between. Might as well give them twelve dancers standing on little boxes, jiggling their parts in the guys' faces... As if the guys really care whether anyone can dance or not. I'm not too concerned though, because by the time my career is in danger, I might be in the Merchant Marines...

Well, the clock on the wall says: SHOWTIME. I think I'll do the Janis Joplin set with the pink wrap-around (I put on a border of black rhinestones by hand), and blow their weeny minds.

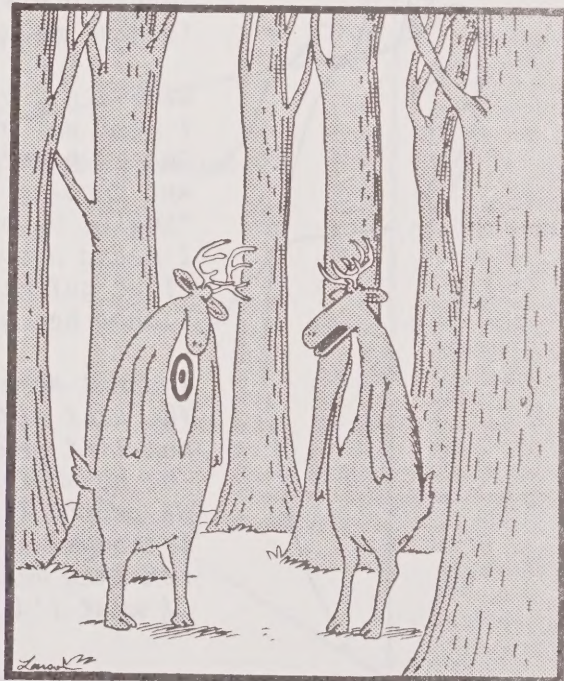
Take care sweetie, and drop me a line when you can. You're missed!!

XXOO

Jesse James



"Randy! Just sit down, eat your cereal, and look for that thing later!"



"Bummer of a birthmark, Hal."

REFLECTIONS

I used to think
I was one of a kind
Cared about nothing
But my own behind
Roll with the punches
Was how I believed
To survive each day
And inside remain free.

Time passed quickly
Months into years
And I began to realize
My own worst fears
That I was a cynic
Unloved and alone
Who could only bear life
When totally stoned.

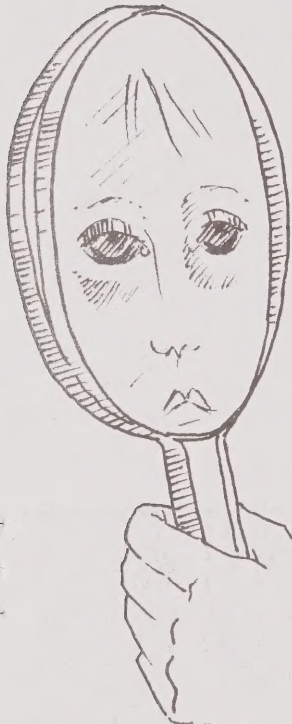
One night in a bar
I glanced around
And scared myself
With what I found
They were all dead
And the one I was with
Puckered his lips
To give me a kiss.

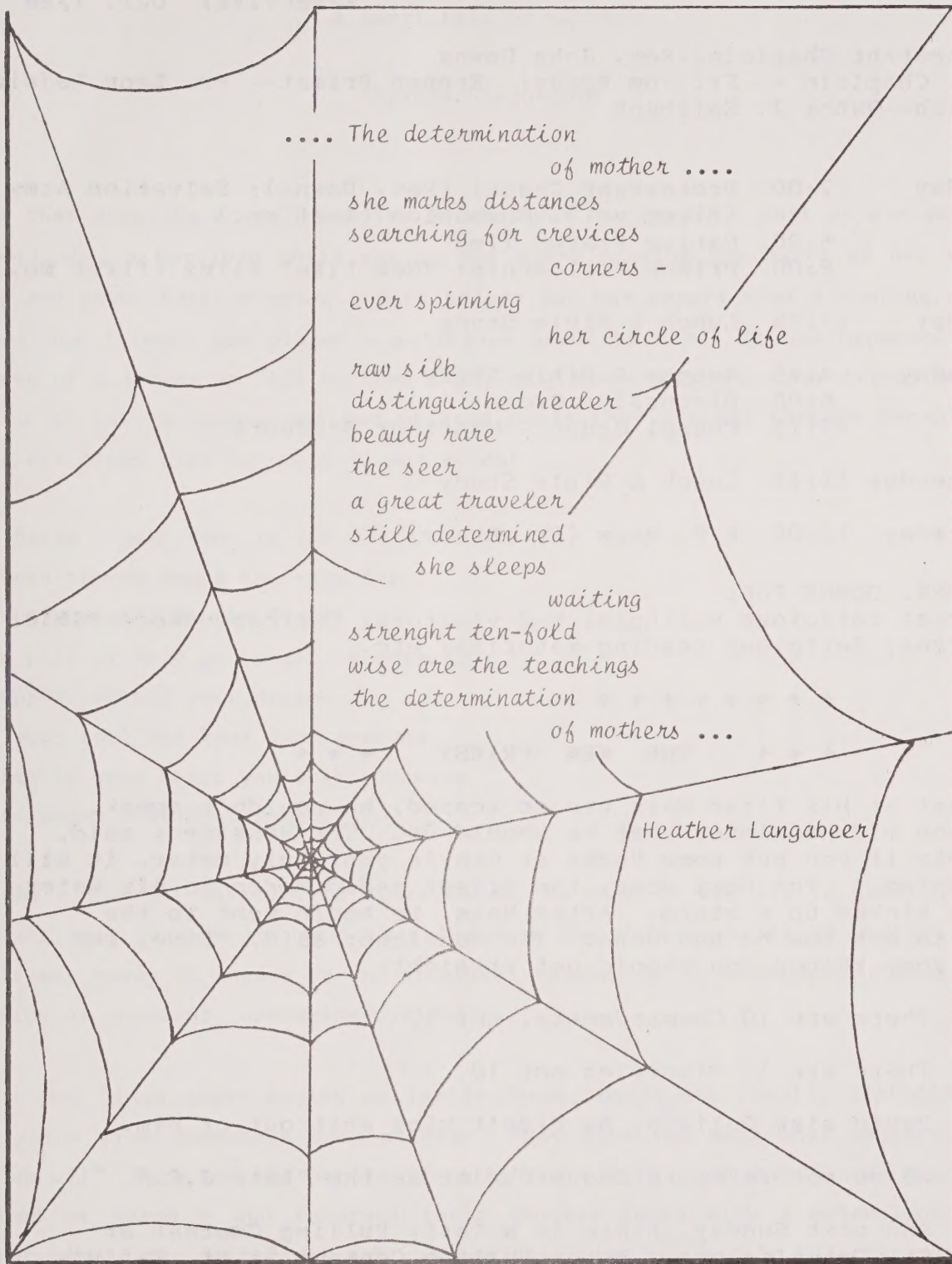
With a cry of disgust
I flew out of there
Chased by dead smiles
And knowing dead stares
"She'll be back"
I heard a corpse claim
"I've got her number
I know her game!"

I can't remember
The rest of that night
But I'll never forget
The horrible sight
Of people I knew
I thought I loved some
For they were the mirrors
Of what I'd become.

Written by:

Jordie





.... The determination
of mother

she marks distances
searching for crevices
corners -
ever spinning

her circle of life

raw silk
distinguished healer
beauty rare
the seer
a great traveler
still determined
she sleeps

waiting
strenght ten-fold
wise are the teachings
the determination

of mothers ...

Heather Langabeer

CHAPLAINCY SCHEDULE
PRISON FOR WOMEN

EFFECTIVE: OCT. 1/88

STAFF:

Protestant Chaplain--Rev. John Downs
R.C. Chaplain -- Fr. Tom Brady; French Priest-- Fr. Leon Lajoie
Jewish--Rabbi J. Salzbach

SERVICES:

Sunday	2:00	Protestant Chapel (Rev. Downs); Salvation Army (first mo.); Communion (last mo.)
	6:30	Native Prayer Time
	8:00	Prison Fellowship; "New Life" Films (first mo.)
Monday	11:15	Lunch & Bible Study
Tuesday	4:15	Supper & Bible Study
	6:00	Discussion Group
	7:15	Chapel Group - McArthur Students
Wednesday	11:15	Lunch & Bible Study
Thursday	12:00	R.C. Mass (Fr. Brady)

CONTRACT REV. DOWNS FOR:

Special religious visitors; W-2 visitors; Correspondence Bible Courses; Religious reading material; etc.

+ + + + +

+ + + THE NEW PRIEST + + +

A new priest at his first Mass was so scared, he couldn't speak. He asked the old Monsignor what he should do. The Monsignor said, "It may help if you put some Vodka or Gin in your holy water, it will help you relax." The next week, the priest added Vodka to his water and really kicked up a storm. After Mass, he again went to the Monsignor to ask how he had done. The Monsignor said, "Fine, but there are some things you should get straight:

1. There are 10 Commandments, not 12
2. There are 12 disciples not 10
3. David slew Goliath, he didn't kick shit out of him.
4. We do not refer to Jesus Christ as the "Late J.C."
5. And next Sunday, there is a Taffy Pulling Contest at St. Peter's; not a Peter Pulling Contest at St. Taffy's.
6. The Father, Son and the Holy Ghost are not referred to as Big Daddy, Junior & Spook!

+ + + + +

"LIVING NIGHTMARE"

A short tale of terror

by

Theresa Giagnacovo

"What IS that gurgling sound?" mumbled Sarah under her breath. Just as she was about to investigate, a horrible chill ran up her spine causing the hairs on her arms to stand up and shout their warning. Once before she has experienced a feeling such as this when her friends had played a malicious prank on her. It had happened during the course of a seance on "All Hallows Eve", only two weeks ago. Her friend Beth had seemed to go into a trance and had uttered words that pierced through Sarah's mind and made the blood turn icy cold in her veins:

"Sarah, Sarah - your time is due
You've been chosen among the very few
In a fortnight will be the first
From the pits of Hell you shall be cursed.
I will appear within your dreams
Torment your soul and hear your screams
With knife in your heart you shall decease
Damned in Hades - without peace!"

Though the girls had intended to scare Sarah, to them it was all in good fun. But they unwittingly invoked the evil that lurks in the dark recesses of another dimension. It was ready to answer to the slightest beacon; be it through deliberate, vile conjuration or innocent, unknowing curiosity.

Cold fear and black anger boiled up inside Sarah, until she finally exploded in an inhuman voice from somewhere deep within: "How dare you mock that which you know nothing about!" Beth and the others (forming the circle were four), open their eyes and looked at Sarah - who returned their shocked gazes with a malevolent glare. Since that time Sarah felt "unclean". Since that time she hasn't been the same. No matter how hard she's tried to forget, the words still echoed in her memory.

Now she was gripped with that same sense of terror; the dread that was so cruelly injected into her on that fateful night. Slowly, she approached the slightly ajar door of her room and, ever so cautiously, hardly daring to breathe, peered around the corner. In that instant she descended into the bowels of Hell.

The sounds she heard were coming from Beth. She was struggling in a desperate but futile effort to catch her breath which was being cut off by an unseen object throbbing in her throat. Her whole body was drawn up from the centre, compelling her to arch backwards, leaving only the tips of her toes touching the ground. Her arms were outstretched at their sides. She looked as though she were being crucified in mid-air! Beth's head was flung back. Her tongue had been wrenched from her ripped and bloodied mouth. The tongue remained dangling just inches in front of her face which was contorted in excruciating agony and unfathomable horror.

Sarah couldn't move. She was paralyzed with fear. She couldn't think or feel. Her whole being was in a suspended state of non-existence. And she watched through eyes she could no longer control. Gradually they looked into Beth's eyes that lay staring blindly at the ceiling. Though they had been gouged from their sockets they still seemed to express the sheer torment she was experiencing. Beth wasn't screaming, she couldn't. Her mouth was stretched and she was writhing - choking on her vomit while something moved in her throat. Then the ultimate, prolonged agony came to a climax - with the disembodiment of her arms. Only then did she scream. One final, eternal scream - before she was decapitated. Then all was still - except for the beating of Sarah's thundering heart. But the stench and the remains were still there.

For how long she stood there, Sarah didn't know, but it slowly seeped into her consciousness that she was still alive and she had to get out of there. There was only one exit and with the last ounce of her will she headed for the door and past the remnants of what was once her roommate.

The night air was cold, but Sarah didn't notice. She was numbed beyond any feeling and oblivious to the sounds of passing cars. She instinctively tried to run; but she couldn't. Nothing was functioning properly. Her mouth shaped some inaudible words. They were words of silent prayer. Then, somehow, she regained some of her awareness and with a shiver, wrapped her arms about her trembling, sheer-gowned figure. When she raised her head, she recognized a familiar structure. It was a church! Her prayers had been answered. Divine guidance must have led her to this place of sanctuary where evil would not dare enter. Here she would be safe.

Sarah entered with bowed head, tears flowing from her eyes as if to wash away the monstrous scene she had just witnessed. As she looked up, she noticed she was not alone. Through the haze of tears she could barely make out her black-robed saviours but she had failed to see the object of worship: a ten-foot inverted cross. "Help me," she whispered.

No-one moved.

"Help me, PLEASE!" she repeated, this time shouting. As their heads turned, she died a thousand deaths. Her only hope of salvation vanished as she stood facing the hooded shadows with no faces. "No! Oh God, NO!" She could feel her body drifting away - along with her sanity.

"Sarah. Sarah, wake up!"

Sarah lurched up in bed, gasping for breath. She looked at Beth in shock and disbelief, not daring to believe that it was all over; that it never happened. Beth soothingly stroked her hair, assuring her that everything was alright. "You were only dreaming, that's all. You're safe at home now. It was only a dream."

...THE END



"RELAX — IT WON'T SHOW UP IN A URINALYSIS!"

Oh WHY CAN'T I

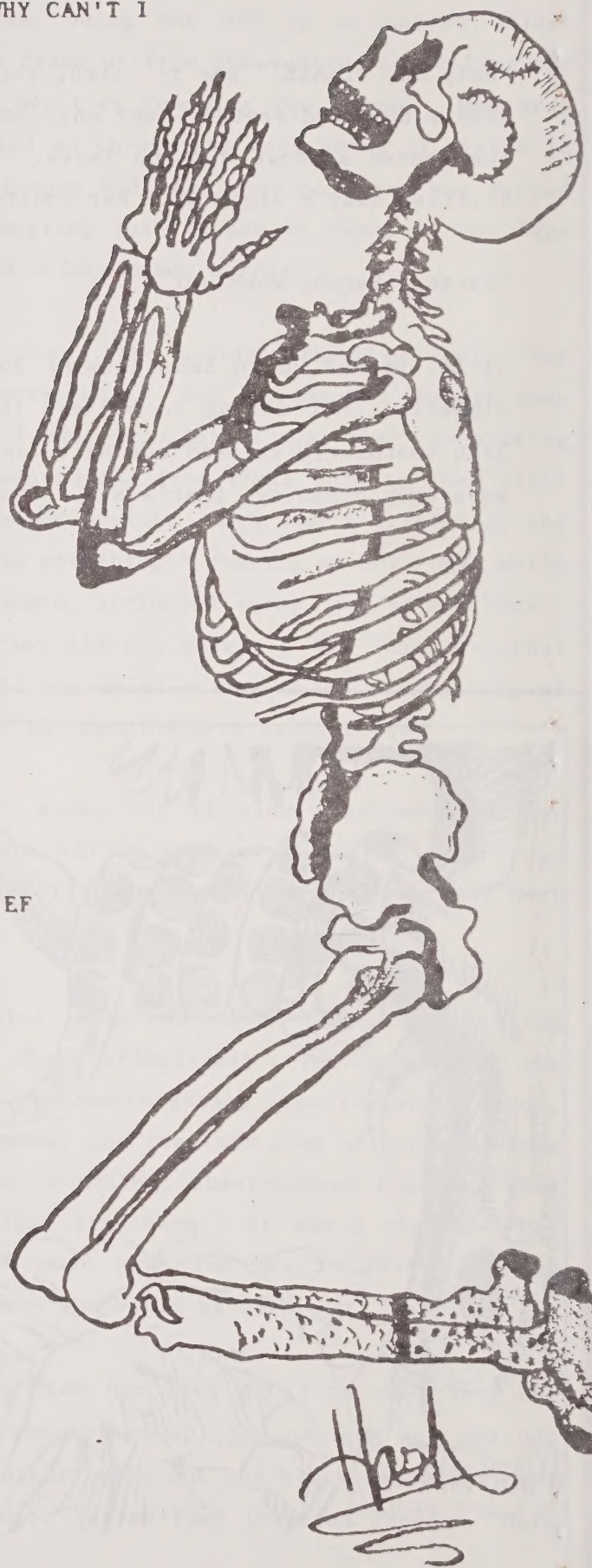
The decor peels from walls
as the years add wrinkles
Drab color wears my clothes
The night speaks multi-languages
My space shares the haunted cries
The empty sockets fix the permanent tower
Pigeons brood and fly.....

doriana/88

NIGHT THIEF

You steal my thoughts, my hopes
You brand me dead
You feed me fear and despair
You leave as quietly as you come
Your shadow silhouettes my mind
Sharp notes sound in my cervic shell
Like untuned music
Your departure leaves remnants of dust

doriana/88



NEW FEATURE

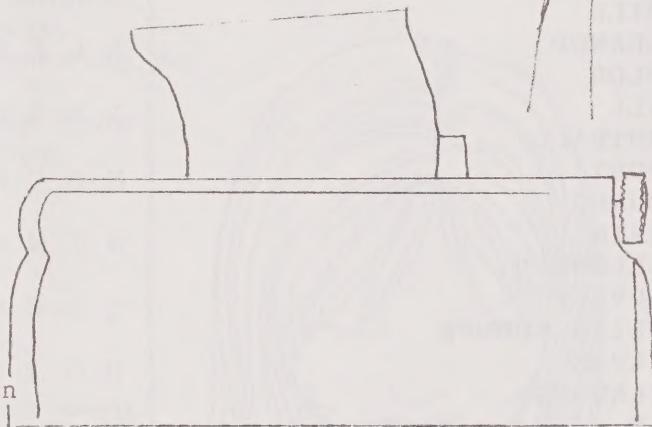


Did your girl just get paroled? Are the screws on your case? Are you finding yourself redecorating your cage every day? Well.....Relax.....
..... DRAGON LADYis here!!!..and there..
.....and everywhere. She listens to your problems, separates fact from fiction, and just basically cuts the crap and tells it like it is!!##

Deer dragin ladie,

O.K.,hears my problem. I werk in the kichen o.k.,now the werkboard colled me up two tell me that I was a semy literer & if I din't go to skool I coodent werk in the kichen no more. Phuck... I don unerstan ok. Wat phuckin good is a edecashun gonna do fer me when i get out an beesides as you can see I got a edecashun alreddy. What reely cunfusis me is wat duz havin a edecashun godda do wit bean a literer?(Wat is a semy-literer? - is it sumone dat liters wunce in a wile?

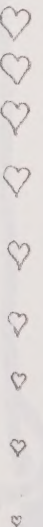
Signed,
Don'No



Dear Don'No,

Having graduated from grade 4 is not considered an education. After reading your letter, I recommend that you tell the workboard to go phuck themselves. There is no hope for you. You're a stupid,ugly loser and I can see -0- in your future but cheap wine, sleazy hotels, and welfare cheques. Please don't get an education - you'd be dangerous because then you'd be a stupid ugly loser with an education and we have enough of those working here already.

Best wishes,
Dragon Lady



1st PRIZE----\$5.00 CANTEEN VOUCHER----1st PRIZE

PUZZLE : CONTEST

Complete this puzzle & return your entry to TIGHTWIRE
In accordance with CSC Security Standards, the date of
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be disclosed. Winner will receive notice via TELEDON

SOME WORD FOR AUTUMN

ACORNS
APPLES
BASKETS
CHILL
CLEANUP
COLOR
FALL
FOOTBALL
FROST
GOURDS
GRAIN
HALLOWEEN
HARVEST
INDIAN SUMMER
LEAVES
MOLASSES
NIP
RAKING
REAP
SCHOOL
SQUASH
SWEATERS
THANKSGIVING
WINDS

* * *

A box for entry deposit
will be left near the
Kitchen Post

* * *

X	Y	B	P	F	L	Q	G	O	U	R	D	S	E	A
G	F	O	I	T	O	V	S	C	H	O	O	L	Y	V
R	L	Q	N	V	E	L	B	V	M	Q	R	H	H	O
A	L	F	S	W	E	A	T	E	R	S	W	V	E	O
I	A	G	N	I	V	I	G	S	K	N	A	H	T	R
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S	O	C	M	L	S	S	L	D	L	D	P	G	T	L
H	O	J	M	P	B	N	E	E	Q	T	N	P	N	A
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E	P	Z	S	T	C	R	F	S	X	C	O	L	O	R

GOOD LUCK !!!

LOST BOND

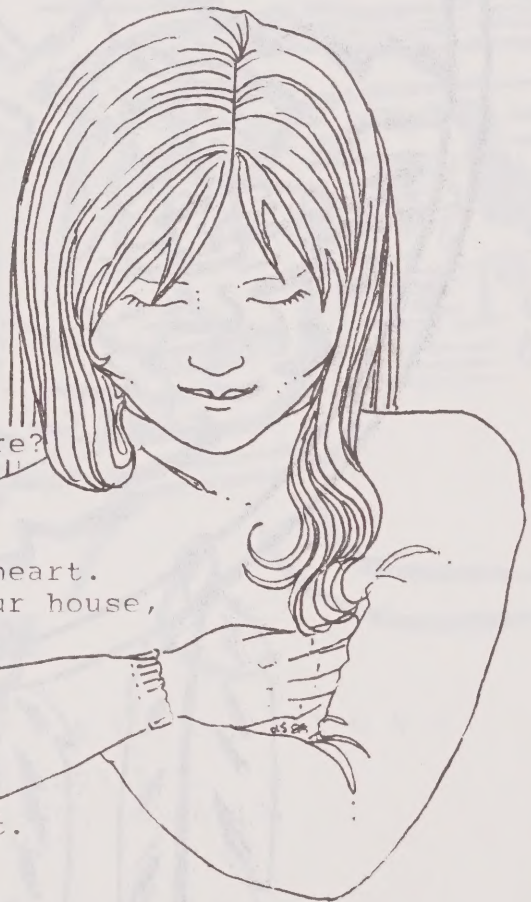
My Freedom wasn't enough for the world,
They had to take my only child away.
Brain washed Baby, who is your mother?
The Baby doesn't know.

The Woman she finds comfort in,
Is now the mother to her.
How does the natural mother cope?
The Fear of knowing her Baby has forgotten,
Forgotten who her mother is.

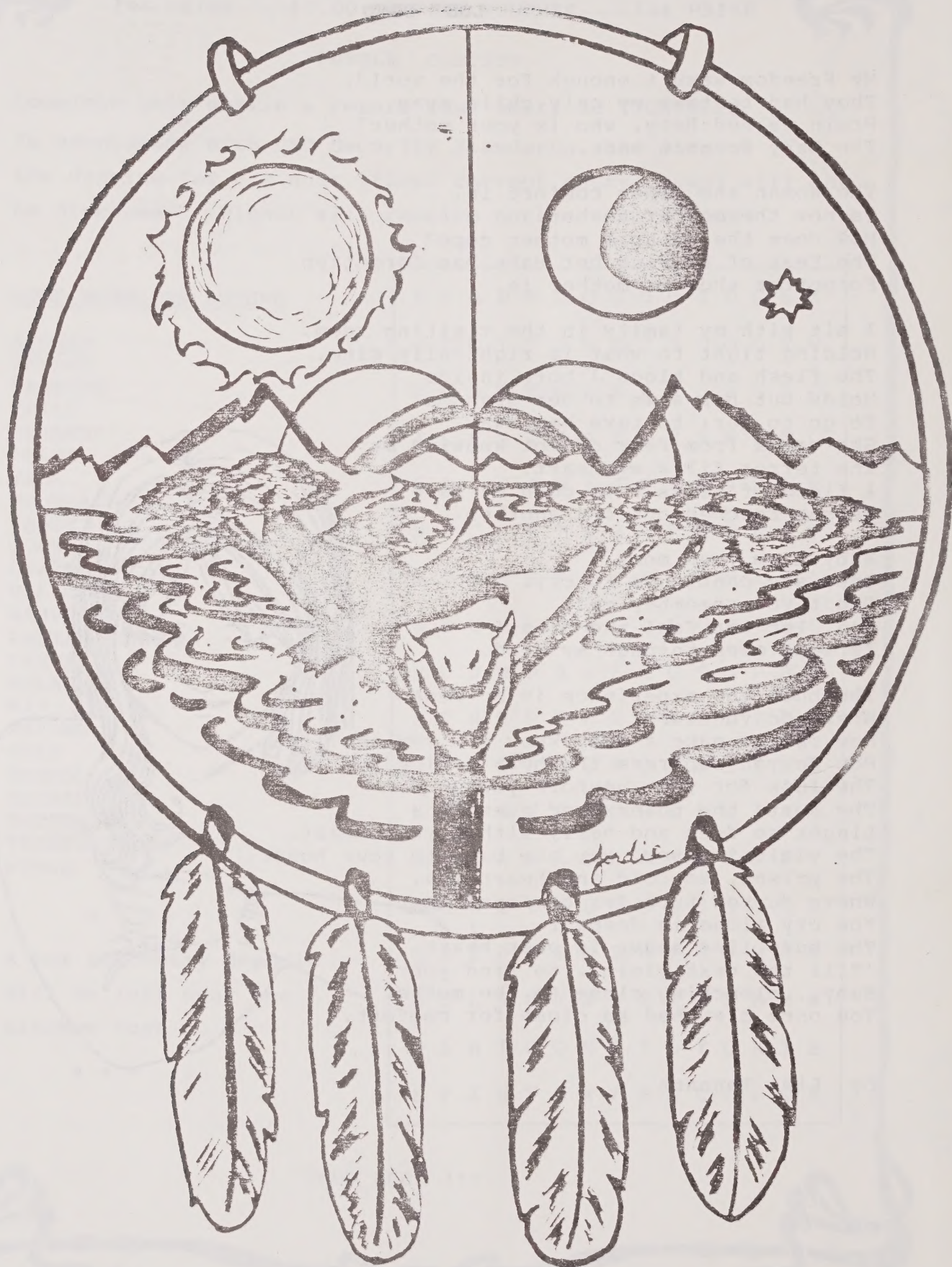
I sit with my family in the visiting room,
Holding tight to what is rightfully mine.
The flesh and blood I bore inside
Holds out her arms to her grandma
To go to her; to take her away,
She cries from fear of not knowing me
The terror fills my heart,
A flood of tears fall down my face
As she reaches out for another.

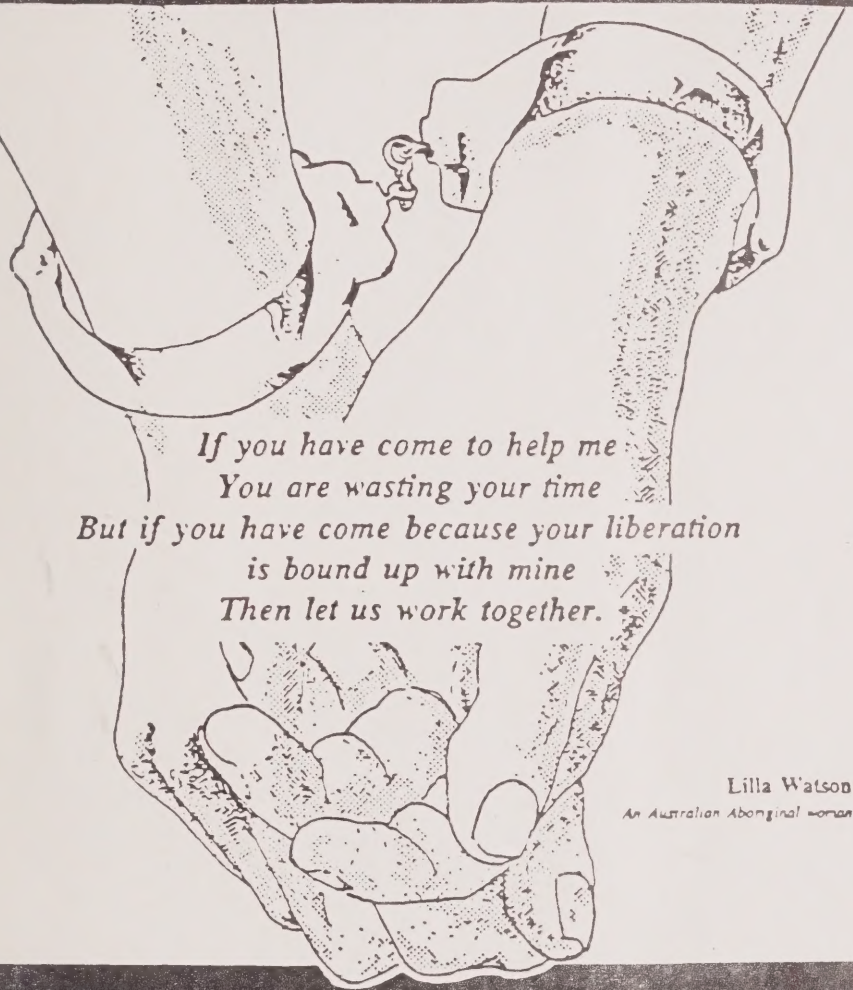
Baby I am your mom,
But, she continues to cry.
Don't you remember me?
God, let her feel the vibes
Is what goes through my mind.

The hurt you experience is so deep
Where do you turn?
How do you make a baby know who you are?
How do you suppress the hurt inside?
The loss for your newborn young?
The hurt, the unanswered questions
Linger so deep and heavy within your heart.
The visit is over, you are back to your house,
The prison, so cold and heartless,
Where do you turn for comfort?
You cry alone in despair.
The hurt lies heavy in your heart
'Till the next visit...to find your
Baby...clenching close to the mother
You once clenched so close for comfort.



by Lisa Tennant





*If you have come to help me
You are wasting your time
But if you have come because your liberation
is bound up with mine
Then let us work together.*

Lilla Watson
An Australian Aboriginal woman

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